



The Costume



halloween

thriller

12 0 1

Chapter 1 by Christina van Beek

It was a dark night. The usual night, in the month of October. It was the 29th of October, Halloween was coming. Everybody in Harvestville had their costumes ready, except one person. Thomas James was a 24-year-old guy that wasn't really interested Halloween. He thought it was a dumb holiday where people dressed themselves up. A second carnival. He didn't care about the candy, nor the Halloween spirit. He just sat on his couch watching scary movies. But then he got a text: I hope you have your costume ready, James. It was from his friend, Jesaja. So Thomas sends something back: Nope, still not dressin up this year. Where Jesaja quickly answered on: Come on dude! Don't be such a party pooper! Thomas started getting annoyed and send: Jesaja, just stop, you know I'm not doing it! Jesaja replied: Pls, just 1 time! 2 have a little fun! Your always the outsider. Thomas wanted to get rid of Jesaja's texts and replied: Ok, I will dress up this year, but only this time! And then he quickly texted something else: It's stupid what I have 2 do 4 you... And with that text, he shut his phone off and looked at his watch. 11.23 PM. He decided to go to sleep, so he went up the stairs and went to his room. When he got into his bed, under the covers, Thomas started thinking about what costume he should wear. It had to be a good one, if not Jesaja would never be satisfied. Thomas knew that there weren't any costumes left in town, because of Halloween-madness. But he still hoped for a good costume to show up somewhere with a little bit of luck. So Thomas decided to look for a costume the next day.

The alarm went off, meaning that it already was 8 AM. Thomas still didn't know what to dress up as. He just hoped for something scary. Thomas went into the bathroom, got ready, went

downstairs, had some breakfast, drank some tea and got out the door. Harvestville wasn't that big. It wasn't larger than 15 square miles. Lots of thrift shops and costume shops. He passed all the costume shops. He saw a sign hanging from the window that said "SOLD OUT". Thomas decided to go to the last costume shop in town, the thirteenth, an old costume shop in the darkest corner of Harvestville. It was

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open. It was called: "The Mystic Mythic". Thomas went in. The door closed itself. Was it the wind? It should have been, there was no other explanation. It was dark. Almost no lights were on, and it seemed like no-one was in there and no-one had been in there for more than a hundred years.

"Hello...? Someone...?" Thomas asked, kind of scared. No- one answered. There was a long tensive silence. Then the lights jumped on, and a man appeared in front of Thomas.

"Hello! How can I help you?" He said quickly and excited. The man was not very tall and he didn't look very neat. Thomas startled.

"Who are you?" He asked, wondering if that man was even human because of his looks.

"I'm Anders." He said. "And who are you?" He examined Thomas.

"I'm... I'm Thomas..." Thomas said.

"Well, nice to meet you, Thomas!" Anders said full excitement. He shook Thomas' hand really hard.

"I was looking for a Halloween costume..." Thomas said not wasting any more time.

"What costume do you want?" Anders asked.

"A scary and a special one, which extends between those ordinary costumes." Thomas explained.

"Oh..." Anders said. "I think I got something, but..." He started whispering. "But... It's dangerous. I have to warn you. It's haunted..." Thomas thought he was trying to scare him, because it was Halloween, after all.

"Yeah right." Thomas ignored him.

"I'm serious, listen to me." Anders said. "It is possessed by ghosts that want and will..." Thomas interrupted Anders.

"Look, I don't care, okay! Just give me the costume. Money's no problem." Thomas said.

"All right..." Anders said. "But don't say I never warned you!"

'What a cliché.' Thought Thomas. Then Anders went back to the stockroom. That gave Thomas the chance to look around. It was weird there... The place sent out a kind of... Creepy atmosphere. It was not like all other costume shops in town. The costumes... They looked like they were alive... Like if they were real. The voodoo dolls... It felt like they were watching you and following all of your movements. Thomas was scared. He was hoping that Anders would

come back and give him the costume and get out of there as soon as possible.

"Here it is, the costume!" Anders came back. "It's in the bag." Thomas looked in the bag.

"But... this are just clothes..."

"The costume only works after midnight of Halloween, when the moon is full and right above you." Anders explained. "But just me, it's extraordinary and different and unique. People will be

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BLOWN away.” Thomas decided to believe Anders, even though it looked like he was lying. He just didn’t want to start a discussion, because that would last forever and he wanted to get out of this creepy place.

“How many?” Thomas asked, referring to money.

“13.13 pounds,” Anders said. Thomas gave him the money, precisely, but quick. Anders handed Thomas the bag.

“Thank you, sir. Have a good evening!” Thomas said quick and walked out of the shop. The door closed itself just as Thomas got out. ‘Thank God that’s over...’ Thomas thought. Thomas walked home, still thinking about what just had happened.

When he got home, he texted Jesaja: I got the costume. Jesaja replied within five seconds: Can you send a photo? Thomas thought of an excuse, just to keep a secret what just had happened in the shop. Jesaja was really serious about this sort of things. He believed in monsters, spirits, witches... He would freak out if Thomas would even MENTION something about what that man, Anders, had said about that it was ‘haunted’. ‘What a cliché! He’s not scaring me with his little talks!’ Thomas thought. It’s a surprise. Thomas texted. Jesaja replied with a sad smiley face, but that didn’t affect Thomas at all. Then he shut his phone off.

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